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A FAËRY FLUTE

Henry Simpson.



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A FAËRY FLUTE

Henry Parnet M.D.

A FAËRY FLUTE

BY

HENRY SIMPSON

POEMS

LONDON

THOMAS BURLEIGH, 155, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

1909

PR

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Masque of the Seven Deadly Sins	9
Moonlight	11
The Long Lanes of England	13
Lullaby	14
Alba	17
A Chant of Morning	18
Edward Fitzgerald—Omar Khayyam	21
Desolation	24
The Faëry Flute	25
Sonnet	26
Aberdeen	27
I love you	29
A Rebuke	31
September	32
River Shadows	33
The Reason	35
The Sea	36
An Autumn Day	37

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	PAGE
Aloes	38
The Mart	39
Thine	41
Sleep	42
In February	43
The Foolish Trees	44
Perdita	45
World Whispers	47
To Mrs. Wladimir Raffalovich	48
Sicily	50
Rosemary	51
Juanita	52
Julia's kisses	54
A Song of the Passing Year and the Coming Time	55
April Birds	57
At Evening	58





A MASQUE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

(The Stage is darkened and a figure clothed in the garment of an Eastern Magician chants the poem with appropriate gestures before a glowing brazier from which rise at intervals clouds of incense.)

AS from the East comes all we know of good,
So from the East all evil thoughts and
 lewd,

All crimes that shun the light or taint the air,
The Seven Deadly Sins that fester deep and brood.

* * *

*Watch thou the incense, in the mystic cloud shall rise
Those shapes that all men fear, and none but fools despise.*

* * *

First Pride, the Vice of Kings, and Satan's child,
Who sneered at Heaven's throne and ever smiled
 With cynic mirth at sweet Submission's joy,
The while within raged demons fierce and wild.

Next Wrath, that rends the fibres of the soul,
When waves of passion o'er us quivering roll,
 Short madness, weaving oft eternal doom,
White fury, hot as Hell, and blind as mole.

Ha ! Envy comes, with murder in his train,
Crimson his hands with blood of Abel slain,
Nought in himself, the thief of others' good,
Poisoner of love and friendship, Prince of Pain.

See Lust approaches : pulse and breath of fire !
Adept in vice, he plies the pleasant hire
Of music, roses, wine, by such to win
Youth's sacred flesh, to feed unnamed desire.

Foul spirit, type of Nature's grossest law,
Lo Gluttony, with swinelike dripping jaw ;
All tender things that leap or fly or swim,
Drop terror charmed in that accursed maw.

Now Avarice creeps hither, gaunt and spare,
Stealthy his gait, and with a hunted air,
Hiding in tattered garb the sin that breeds
The yellow madness of the miser's lair.

Slow vapours breathe, and hearken ! languid sighs
Swim from a loathsome bed where slumbering lies
The form inert, spurned both of gods and men,
Sloth, last of sins, that neither lives nor dies.

*Now closes up in shrouding night, the tale of grisly fears,
And in the purging incense smoke, each horror disappears.*

MOONLIGHT.

DEAR night of God, so blue, so calm,
The tortured sea at rest at last,
Its useless fret and tumult past,
Subdued by moonlight's balm.

Yea moonlight on its bosom sleeps,
And would that such a light might shine
For ever in this heart of mine,
Which hungers still and weeps,

For what it knows not, what it fears,
The new, strange thing the spirit seeks,
The secret that the moonlight keeps
And will not grant for tears.

The life that lives, though summer flowers
At early morning shrink and fade,
The love that lasts beyond the shade
Or sun of passing hours.

Yet here to-night I almost find,
Where this pale radiance floods and pours
Its light on haunted seas and shores,
A charm to still the mind.

Oh wondrous night beneath the stars,
In thine own magic beauty drest,
Unfolding wings of steadfast rest,
Which nothing stints or mars.

But even now the waters rise,
Far out the white waves gleam and break,
The winds their hiding place forsake
With moans and wailing cries.

Across the sky has crept a change,
And driving mists have veiled the moon,
The twin dread powers of night and doom
In battle order range.

With thund'rous roars and trembling shocks,
While maddened seabirds whirl and scream,
The tempest hurls the moonlit dream
Upon the shattering rocks.

And wise is he who lives and learns
To ask not earth, nor sky, nor sea,
However deep the mystery,
For what he longs and yearns.

THE LONG LANES OF ENGLAND.

Oh ! the long lanes of England,
Through the summer sun-land go,
Oh the long lanes of England
Please my heart and fancy so ;
For ever would I wander there
Where all is happy, sweet and fair,
And gaily through the scented air
The long lanes go.

Oh ! the long lanes of England,
It's there that I would sleep,
By the long lanes of England
When the mists of evening creep,
And deep in shadow, safe from harm,
Souls flit to rest in home and farm
And moonlight sheds a wistful charm
Where the long lanes sleep.

Oh ! the long lanes of England,
How glad when I awake
In the long lanes of England
To hear the throstle slake
His thirst for love and life and song,
With him my heart and soul belong
To Nature, whose dear beauties throng
Where the long lanes wake.

LULLABY.

CALMLY on my bosom
Thou art sleeping, sleeping,
As though in all the world
There ne'er was weeping, weeping.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

Tired as a flower
At the twilight, twilight,
Closed like a daisy
Little eyebright, eyebright.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

Now that in dreams
Thou art playing, playing,
Smiles to thy sweet lips
Come straying, straying.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

Star of the eve,
Mildly gleaming, gleaming,
Give thee the blessing
Of his beaming, beaming.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

Softly on the beach
Tides are tuning, tuning,
Sleep songs to my darling
Gently crooning, crooning.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

Night's cool winds
Come and kiss thee, kiss thee,
Nought from the scented woodland
Miss thee, miss thee.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

Mother with her baby,
Now is weary, weary,
God and the angels
Keep us dearie, dearie.
Then rest,
That is best,
Till the morning.

ALBA.

WITHIN my Lady's eyes are mysteries ;
Twin pools that dream beneath an Eastern night,
And hold the distant vision of the stars.
About the dear compassion of her mouth
Strange smiles abide, and all her body moves
Most wondrously, as doth a lily in the Summer
dawn.

Betwixt the lilies and the dawn I saw Love stand,
He drew her lips to mine.

* * *

Somewhere a white bird fluttered by—

* * *

Somewhere, far off, a trumpet called—

* * *

Then slowly fainting back to life I heard her voice,
So cool, so still,
As some far stream that ripples through the hills
And singing goes.

A CHANT OF MORNING.

SEE once again doth Nature ope her eyes,
And as a child new waked, with sweet surprise
Throws off the trappings of her Winter sleep,
And girds herself life's holiday to keep.
Now Nature's Lord, unconquerable Light,
Thrusts back afresh the long usurping night,
And streaming o'er the world with kindling ray,
Discloses Eden to the famished day.

Across the world a breathing stirs and creeps,
The springs are loosened in their frozen deeps,
High mountains melt, and in a turgid flow
Plunge down the glens their toppled fronts of snow,
Anon with sudden tumult on the plain
Descends in floods the first, the vernal rain ;
By stream and shower and rill the stained old earth
Is washed in waters to a glad new birth.

This gardened isle that sings to every breeze,
Forgetting days that bite, and nights that freeze,
Bends tree and stem before the South-West Wind
Fast beating up the welkin unconfined,
Within its labouring bosom bearing seed
Of all the fresh glad things that men shall need,

The fruit and flowers of Summer's golden store
When life shall linger by a languid shore,
And watch the long green ripples of a sea
Swooning with heat and August ecstasy.

There is a nook with moss and fern o'er grown,
Fresh with the violet's fragrant perfume blown,
Where hardly Winter came, and but a tear
Dripped softly there when failed the dying year.
Within that sheltered grot hath Nature kept
One sure retreat, while Winter raged and swept
Across a world laid bare to every blow
Dealt by the Gods that down the tempest go.
But now the young red lips of April press
The sleeping beauty to such warm caress
That lured she leaves the darkness where she cowers,
And rushes into gladness and to flowers.

Now takes the pallid sky a surer blue,
Now smites the sunlight with a comfort new,
Sets human instincts free, as if from chains,
And speeds the life thirst pulsing through our veins;
Even the gloomy graves are bright with flowers
As though the dead would join the dancing hours.

One knows not where to look for very joy ;
Life laughs in sport with Love the little boy ;
See where amidst the daffodils he hies,

A merry mischief sparkling in his eyes.
Soon to the secret copse with plans well laid,
His amorous body twinkling in the shade,
He will entice rapt lovers where they stray
In dreams along the old enchanted way,
To ever deeper foldings of the wood
Where silence sleeps and far-off odours brood,
And whispers haunt each hallowed path and tree
Of all the loves that have been, and to be.

They quicken in the Springtime of the world,
Young children, with the fragile blossom curled
In rosy sleep upon the mothering tree,
Sweet sights and sounds, a wondrous pageantry
For wistful creatures of a day to know,
The glories of the year's recurrent flow.

Hark ! how the birds with pure melodious notes
Chant music's message from a thousand throats,
And gathering in the brakes in sweet combine
Salute with ravishment the hour divine ;
Oh rapturous song ! Sing on, and ne'er depart,
Till stung to praise, or tears, each human heart
Uplifts in joy to greet the days that bring
The promise of the world and life, the Spring.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

I.

OMAR, Fitzgerald, two, and yet the same,
If one the spirit, reckon we of the name ?

And Omar's genius rises from the tomb
Reincarnate to win a second fame.

II.

Immured in dust of ages lay a heap
Of withered roseleaves, curled in scented sleep ;
Fitzgerald found them, at his word the hoard
Of ashes into flames of beauty leap.

III.

Here, where the chilling blasts the senses freeze,
He wrought the vision of the lotus breeze,
To goad dull flesh to shiver with desire,
And stir the spirit brooding in the leas.

IV.

Such lore they taught, the seers whom to-day
Within our restless brains we bid to stay,
For one calm moment, till their shades again
'Mid violets of memory we lay.

V.

With wistful gaze behold the flying hour,
Death in the garden, friendship's fading flower ;
Yet sweet to walk with friends beneath the moon,
And sip the lily's perfume after shower.

VI.

When Love's low voice is calling to her side,
Obey the summons quick, and take the Bride :
Too soon her lips will scorn the sated kiss,
And with the sundering morn your ways divide.

VII.

An end must come, but that's the time to drink,
A river runs where all your cares may sink,
And as the torrent courses down your throat,
Fling back your head, and see the planets wink.

VIII.

Ah ! friends about the Board of Wisdom met,
Think ye to find a brighter pathway yet,
For such as stagger down the blinding years,
Than did old Omar from his drinking get ?

IX.

Still in Life's chalice flames the ruby wine,
Magic eternal from a source Divine ;
Still doth Death's Lawyer mutter low, "Beware" !
Still eyes intoxicate with vision shine.

* *Read at the Poets' Club celebration of the centenary of EDWARD
FITZGERALD, held at Chelsea, 31st March, 1909.*

DESOLATION.

I MEET you at the falling hour,
When day is drenched in gloom,
And memories like phantoms flit
About the fading room.

I hear you when the rain drips,
And no bird wakes or sings,
Your footstep shudders through the mist,
That weeps, and winds, and clings.

But most I need you when the night
Is darkest, and I lie
In silent agony of tears
And only wait to die.

No better hope shall dawn for me,
Would God I ne'er had known
A love, which now 'tis turned from me,
Hath left my heart a stone.

THE FAËRY FLUTE.

WHERE the tarn shines white in the evening moon,
Come, little friend, with your hand in mine,
Now that the cries of day are mute,
And list with me to the faëry flute.

Puck is abroad, and his faëry band
Dance in a ring where the moonflowers glow,
Hark how the goblin laughter peals
As Pan's soft pipe from the sedges steals.

Pipe, little minstrel, at your will,
Faëry folks are the friends of man,
Dead is the heart as a broken lute,
That cannot sigh to the faëry flute.

SONNET.

BELOVED, when a year ago you came
Into my life of brief, discordant loves,
Your coming was as moonlight when it moves
Upon the world, to cool and to inflame
The thirst for ecstasy beyond a name.

I heard your voice, as I have heard the dove's
When April wakes with music in the groves,
Liquid and low, its echoes seemed to frame
An answer breathing peace to dreams that weep;
"O love, be with me in a flowery land,
"Where birds and waters in the sunshine leap,
"And come with me by night, and take my hand,
"Through the dim palaces that rise in sleep,
"O love be with me in a flowery land."

ABERDEEN.

FAIR City shrined in silver by the sea,
Thou jewel glittering 'twixt the Don and Dee,
The hearts of all thy children turn to thee.

Where'er their wandering lot perchance is cast,
Like beacon lights athwart the waters passed,
Dear visions of their home and childhood last.

Across the crested waves our fathers came
To build of thee a citadel of fame
And in our blood their fire is still aflame.

A thousand years have crowned thee, still thou art
A name in Scotland, set distinct, apart,
Thou art thyself in judgment, will, and heart.

A people born proudly to think and feel,
With strength to strike, and striking strong, to heal,
Whether by brand of mouth or brand of steel.

But other thoughts allure the wanderer's breast,
Once more he stands where sleep the loved and best,
Amid the City's din in quiet rest.

And now he feels the salt winds as they race
Across thy wave-swept shores, and in his face
The cold sea-mists that strengthen, form and brace.

Or else the time is June and still midnight,
The City bathed in that unearthly light
The pearly twilight of a Northern night.

St. Machar's spires, the Bridge of Don, the Sands,
The Bay of Nigg, the Lighthouse where it stands,
Come back to him in dreams in other lands.

And that new pile that grandly fronts the sky,
Across whose angel face the shadows die,
Pure tribute of our time erect on high.

Ah ! other ways may soothe and charm, beget
The sense of home, yet we can ne'er forget
From thee we sprang, by thee our course was set.

The generations pass and even now
The leaf falls earthward from the oaken bough
But in thy strength assured we deem that thou,

Thy temples, colleges and granite towers,
Thy streets and stones, shall last till by God's power
The earth itself dissolves, in Fate's resistless hour.

I LOVE YOU.

*A Free Rendering of an old French Bergerette from the collection
of MADLLE. BÉATRICE VON HOLTHOIR.*

I LOVE you, oh I love you,
I shall never cease to cry,
I love you now, and everytime,
Until the day I die,
Near to you, or far from you,
Alone or in a crowd,
I love you, oh ! I love you,
Sweet the message, soft or loud.

I love you, oh ! I love you,
For you alone I write,
I sing to you in all my songs,
I love you day and night,
I read your name in every book,
In everything I view
There is no beauty, charm, or grace,
That does not speak of you.

I love you, oh ! I love you,—
In field, in wood, in town,
Your sweet face haunts and draws me as
I wander up and down,

Before the dawn is in the sky,
Ere sleep has left her nest,
My thoughts are all awake, and fly
To pillow on your breast.

I love you, oh ! I love you
Though we may be apart,
You are not really far from me,
Who dwell within my heart,
But when I hear your voice again,
And know your footstep near,
No Heaven that a Saint has dreamed
Could ever be so dear.

I love you, oh ! I love you,
Your will is all my law,
My dearest wish to serve you still
With tenderness and awe ;
You are my bliss, my pride, my peace,
And all that I would know
Is how to love you even more,
I love you, love you so.

A REBUKE.

IF you should falter,
 I would loose your hand.
If you should dally with inconstancy
 Nor understand
What Love demands of those that are Love's own,
 The instant sacrifice of every thought or wish
That is not Love's alone,
 I should but bow my head
As one who in his day
 Found a most perfect thing and sees it taken
Quite away.
 Not ours to trifle with the Mystery that binds
 our lives,
To let the secret flame burn low,
 Which whoso strives
To find in life's tumultuous hour content and rest,
 Must shield for ever in the sacred keeping
Of his breast.

SEPTEMBER.

In the days of soft September
Memory seeks to brood and rest,
Lingering in dreamy wonder
O'er the hours so sad and blest ;
Summer dying, golden Summer,
Flowers of sunset on its breast.

Through the woods of soft September,
With a slow, pathetic smile,
Love is passing, he whose coming
Did our weary hearts beguile,
But Love passeth ever onward
Though we bid him rest awhile.

In the heart of soft September,
Dearest, let us bury low
All the secret of the Summer,
Where the purple asters blow,
In the faith of Love's to-morrow,
There to sleep beneath the snow.

RIVER SHADOWS.

DRIFTING downward with the current,
From all striving free,
Oh how wondrous the strange influence
Drawing you and me.

Birds on heavy wings are flitting
To the sheltering tree,
All the world will soon be sleeping,
All but you and me.

At the sombre hour of twilight,
Common fancies flee,
When the last pale sunset echoes
Die o'er you and me.

Do you hear them from the shadows,
Over flood and lea,
Voices never heard by daytime
Calling you and me ?

In the white mists creeping upwards
Tell me, do you see
Shapes we never met at noontide
Beckoning you and me ?

Ask them, ask the dark stream oozing
To the future sea,
Whether blackness, whether brightness
Waits for you and me !

Love, our life is like a river
So mysteriously
Moving onward into darkness
Bearing you and me.

THE REASON.

No fettering symbol binds my flesh to thee,
I love thee as the cloudlet loves the mountain,
The sea bird loves the sea :
Ah ! sweet, if it were otherwise,
What would our loving be ?

Why should we swear to love a month—a year?—
Love laughs at ordered vow and chill provision
To cheat the coming tear ;
Ah ! sweet, if it were otherwise,
Our love would sink in fear.

I simply love thee, love, for what thou art,
An ever-present rapture, raging, surging,
In passion through my heart,
Ah ! sweet, when it is otherwise,
In God's name let us part.

THE SEA.

OF all the earth's immensities I love the sea,
Whether along the sand-swept dunes
Sea ripples flow ;
Or up the wave-torn cliffs
The breakers go ;
Or deep in dripping grot
It thunders low ;
The sea uplifts me, heart and soul and mind,
To light and ecstasy.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

IN a thousand streams the sudden rains are gushing,
The wind speeds, tearing onward like the sea,
And Autumn as a mighty Lord comes storming
With flying gleams of sunshine o'er the lea.

Across the sodden lawn the leaves are racing,
The golden gains of summer to the breeze,
Ah! the madness of the tumult and the riot
October's fierce undoing of the trees.

All is adrift, abroad, unloosened,
Pan sits aghast amidst his reeds,
Over his glad world flits disorder,
Torn all his flowery dales and meads.

And Daphnis spent with softnesses and dreamings,
Leaps light from Chloe's bosom with a cry,
"Only in the tempest men are godlike,
"Come love 'tis time to suffer ere we die."

ALOES.

WHEN harsh misunderstandings rise, and in their
shadow,
The secret pulse of love beats cold and slow,
—The memory of glad moments spent together,
Forgotten where the bitter waters flow,—

Ah think, and think again, ye fools that tempt him,
Though caged within your heart at times he sings,
If ye should leave the door of fate half open,
'Tis well to recollect that Love hath wings.

THE MART.

HARD by a lonesome wood,
Under the stars,
 I found Love sleeping,
Weary he seemed,
And heavy to death,
 Love had been weeping.

Fallen from the tired hands,
Over the stones,
 Some flowers were lying ;
Roses and lilies,
Withered and bruised and torn,
 In sadness dying.

These he had offered all day
In the mart of life,
 For nought but the choosing ;
Lilies of Heaven,
And Rose of the passionate earth,
 For binding or loosing.

Laughed at, derided and scorned,
Here at the dark,
 Aching and burning,
Love with his flowers,
Strained to his breast, had come back,
 Slowly returning.

Touch him not, speak him not now,
Wait for the dawn,
When it is breaking
Love will go forth,
That selfsame road of despair
Never forsaking.

THINE.

KISSES laid upon lips that ask again ;
Breath of the roses' breath and more than pain ;
Lisp of the trembling leaves when the warm rains
come ;
Quiver of noontide heat when the breeze is dumb ;
Flower that leans to flower with a scented grace ;
Limbs upon white limbs crushed in a fierce
embrace ;
Love's beautiful bodystabbed with a crimson seam ;
Fate's low voice in the sky where the lightnings
gleam,
Terror of waters that glide to the cataract nigh ;
Dreams that wake in the night and melt in a sigh ;
Throb of the amorous sea in the moonbeam's
thrall ;
Moan of the earth in despair for the spirit of all ;
Stinging, like odours blown from the fiery South,
Yea, even as these, Oh Love, is the kiss of your
mouth.

SLEEP.

DEAR Sleep, thou bringer back of youth and roses
to the face of life,
I love thee as thou comest in the velvet hours of
silence, bending low,
Subduing human strife.

Sweet Sleep, thy presence breathes a rest of
slumber-smiles and dreams that glow,
Thrice blessed those who, mind secure, and
happy eyed, steeped in warm peace,
Life's quiet comrade know.

IN FEBRUARY.

My Lady's birthday crowns the growing year ;
A flower of Spring before the Spring is here,
To sing of her and this fair day to keep
The very Loves forsake their Winter sleep,
Where'er she goes on circling wings they spread
And shower celestial roses o'er her head.
I, too, would chant her worth and dare to raise
A hymn to what's beyond immortal praise.
Go, little verse, and lay in vesture meet
Of poesy my homage at her feet.

THE FOOLISH TREES.

WHAT makes the trees in Autumn shed their leaves
And not the more put on ?

'Tis folly,
They should have been content,
Like holly,
To keep a sombre store.

In Summer time they might be seen
Before the sun in flaunting green,
Now their fine robes are rent and torn
The sun still smiles, but 'tis in scorn.

PERDITA.

WHY cometh not my love !
By what strange pastures doth my white doe feed,
Near what lost waters do her footsteps lead,
The while her soul goes dreaming ?
Why cometh not my love !

My heart is empty as a vacant land
Set round with fences none may understand,
But all behold with weeping ;
Why cometh not my love !

The morn is lonely on the misty hill,
No moor-fowl pipes, the world is very still,
And waits lost Love's returning,
Why cometh not my love !

When dawn arose and downward dropped the
moon,
I stretched lone hands of sleep and straight did
swoon,
To find my love a-wanting ;
Why cometh not my love !

So fair a love as mine hath never been ;
All ye that meet her for your weal have seen
Of whom is no forgetting ;
Why cometh not my love !

I will go seek my love, and being found,
My heart shall straight be cured of every wound
That now for love is bleeding ;
Why cometh not my love !

Oh ! cruel hour that reft my love from me,
Within my heart but woe and pain shall be,
While love from me goes dreaming ;
Why cometh not my love !

WORLD WHISPERS.

DEEP in a solemn wood
I heard a whisper fall,
'Twas like nought in the world
But seemed the sigh of all
The patient longings, crowding, surging,
In the human breast,
The thirst for satisfaction
And the deep desire for rest.
Ever the whisper calls me
In the woodlands where I go,
And it shall lead me evermore
Until at last I know,
That neither here nor anywhere,
Whatever voices call,
Is there peace for the famished soul,
Or any rest at all.

TO MRS. WLADIMIR RAFFALOVICH
(CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD)

At her Farewell Gathering, 9th October, 1909.

DEAR lady, in that land so far, so strange,
To which you go,
We bid the Angel of Content about your path
His blissful influence throw.

You shone among us, beautiful and kind,
Our night must be
A little dark, for that bright star which shone so
fair,
And now we lose in thee.

The hour is gay, lights shine and music steals,
We laugh and smile,
But in our hearts a tear, a sigh that will not cease,
Is gathering there the while.

Ah! keep us in your mind for evermore,
As you in ours
Shall be a memory of wit, and charm and grace,
For dreary hours.

Though seas are deep, and continents are wide,
 Hope spans them all ;
And you will come again to us, in Heaven's good
 time,
 Whate'er befall,

Singing high strains of beauty culled from scenes
 Where Nature pours,
For such as seek the larger life, the deeper depths,
 Vast, new, poetic stores.

SICILY.

28th December, 1908.

THERE needs no angel melody to tell
The goodness of the gentle creature man,
Willing nor harm nor grief to anything,
In form compact of beauty, well content
To dwell amid the light of loves and flowers,
With all that lives and breathes, the happy child
Of that dear God who shines from out the Sun :
Yet for his direful recompense the woe
Of lightnings flaming in the silent night,
The shattering earthquake and the dreadful wave's
Engulfing horror, or the long-drawn death
Of agony beneath the stones of doom.
Is man, O God, sufficient for these things ?
Of some insensate Power the victim slain.

ROSEMARY.

Oh the dear days and the glad days
That never will come again,
When we lived and laughed together
In the sun and wind and rain,
Without a care our tripping feet
Went glancing o'er the green,
When you had thirteen summers,
And I was seventeen.

Oh the glad days and the sad days,
(For the joys so quickly pass,)
When adown the leafy woodlands
Came a lover and his lass,
The green was all forgotten,
And they did not want the sun,
For she was darling seventeen
And he was twenty-one.

Oh the dear days and the glad days,
How they nestle in the mind,
Though loves have come and gone since then,
Yet none were half so kind;
Across the years they smile to me
In dreams for ever new,
And love is still but seventeen,
Though I am sixty-two.

JUANITA.

Love is lazy to-night ;
And Juanita sighs,
What are those far-off looks
In Juanita's eyes ?
Cometh he or not,
Doth Juanita care ?
Lulled by her own soft dreams,
Night, and the languid air,
Ah !
Lulled by her own soft dreams,
Night, and the languid air.

Hark to those notes that steal,
Breaking the wistful charm,
Throbbing at first and slow,
Stirring a faint alarm,
Clearer now they ring,
Beating her casement bars,
" Love of my life, I am here,
Under the shining stars !
Ah !
Love of my life, I am here,
Under the shining stars ! "

Seville sleeps in the moon,
The castanets are still,
Only the soft guitars
In the night of lovers thrill.
She hath flung the casement wide,
"Love of my life thou art!
Come, desire of my dreams,
To Juanita's heart,
Ah!
Come, desire of my dreams,
To Juanita's heart."

JULIA'S KISSES.

SOFT delight of Julia's kisses
He is dead whoever misses,
But the world goes smiling by
Heeding not what pleasures lie

In the rapture of embraces
When a snowy arm enlaces—
Other girls have had their day
I with Julia mean to stay.

A SONG OF THE PASSING YEAR AND THE COMING TIME.

For some, old Winter, bitter, brown and sere,
Makes hollow music of the dying year,
A melancholy plaint borne on the wind
Of friends forgotten and of loves unkind.
Not so the song that's ringing in our brain,
The song of merry months, a glad refrain
Of moments rapturous as morning skies,
Of hours that fled as only pleasure flies,
Health, love, and laughter, sprites whose twinkling
feet

Filled all the house of days with measures sweet.
But now the dance is ended, clear the room,
Our host is dying to the clock of doom;
Fainting he lies—and strives to bless each friend
In silent circle waiting for the end—

Ah me! no other year may prove as bright,
No other times bring in such pure delight!
Good-bye! old year, we kiss your fading face,
Good-bye! at last, and may your soul find place,
Not with the memory of things we fear,
But there where sleeps in peace—a happy year.

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The year that lightly came is lightly gone—

But wake from dreams and haste to greet that one
Whose step now gaily heard upon the stair,
Sweet promise in his young and magic air,
Bursts madly in with laughter loud and free,
First echoes of the goodly times to be,
When you and I shall walk once more with love,
Fair flowers beneath and Summer blue above.
So rouse the dance again and let us keep
The feast of those that were not born to weep ;
A new day comes still better than the last,
New joys, new friends, with still the old held fast—
Those friends, well tried, who tramp with us the
years
Content to share our road of happiness, or tears.

APRIL BIRDS.

BIRDS above the April fields
Ever winging, winging,
Love we sing,
Life we bring,
Set your hearts a-ringing.

Little birds within my heart,
Sleeping in the quiet,
Heard the tumult of the song,
Rushed into the riot.

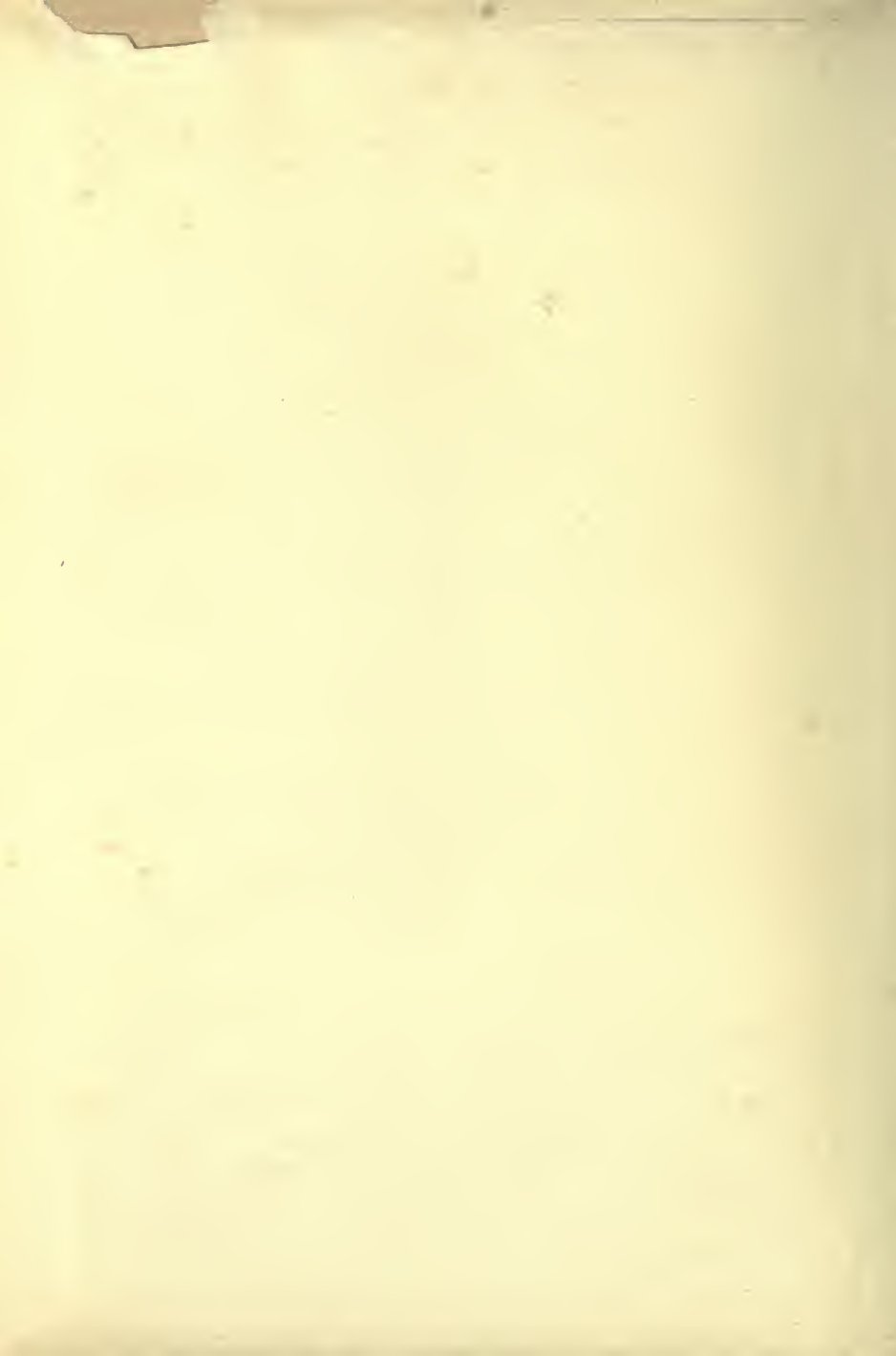
Just a call of April birds,
In the sunlight flying,
And the crushed spirit lives once more,
Vanquished, gained, complying.

AT EVENING.

COME to me, my dearest,
When the day is done,
Fold an arm of comfort
Round your tired one.

Though the storm come nearer
And the night increase,
We shall be together
And at peace.

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